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Vol. I.

Hildebrandt Fitzgum;

OR,

MY QUIET LITTLE COUSIN.

By TOM TEASER.



"Kick me," read one; "will I? Jess yer bet. Hey, Billy, pike me raise the duffer!" The boy ran up behind Hildebrandt and gave him a terrible kick.

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HILDEBRANDT FITZGUM;

OR,

My Quiet Little Cousin.

By TOM TEASER.

Author of "Muldoon, the Solid Man," "Mulligan's Boy," "Nip and Flip," "Jim Jams," "Corkey," "Senator Muldoon," "Muldoon Abroad," "Jimmy Grimes," "A Bad Egg," "Two in A Box," "The Deacon's Son," "Skinny the Tin Pedler," "Mulcahy Twins," "Muldoon's Boarding-House," "Muldoon's Brother Dan," Etc.

PART I.

Just look at the picture, boys. There you see all of our principal characters.

First is Hildebrandt Fitzgum, our hero. He is a typical English swell, with about as much brains as a mud-turtle. But he's got lots of money; his dad is a prominent soap-maker in Red Lion Lane, London, and Hildebrandt is an only son.

Next you see Sin-Chow, his servant, a regular Chinese, innocent and guileless as all of his race.

Last, but not least, is Billy Brown, my quiet little cousin. Billy is a Yankee boy, smart as a steel trap. He looks innocent, don't he? Appearances, though, are deceitful.

With this brief introduction we will begin our story. You will learn considerably more about our characters as our comedy progresses.

The Browns lived in a handsome house in one of the leading streets of New York.

Old Man Brown was a fat, good-natured old chap, who had made his money during the war and retired rich.

His wife was a lady who wasn't refined, and knew it. She was a warm-hearted woman, though, and was worth a dozen of those stuck-up, college-educated females, who rave over Mozart and Haydn, and can't make a biscuit to save their necks.

They had one daughter, Juliet Montague Rooney Brown. She was a gushing maiden of twenty. She wore her hair in ringlets, and was stage-struck.

Billy Brown completed the family. He was a light-headed, blue-eyed little boy of fourteen. He was very quiet—everybody said so. Everybody lied, for, in reality, he was a perfect little devil. You see he had a knack of doing all his mischief quietly and unsuspected.

On the night on which our story opens, everything was in confusion in the Browns' mansion.

All of the family were dressed in their best.

Mr. Brown strutted up and down in the parlor, fearfully conscious that he had on a white vest, and seemed half afraid that he might fall through it and get hung.

Juliet stood at the window, Mrs. Brown was everywhere, and Billy sat quietly down on a stool reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

"It is time Hildebrandt came," said Mr. Brown, consulting a watch the size of a small front door.

"Maybe the steamer is late," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, I hope to see him to-night," pensive Juliet remarked; "I fancy him the idol of my dreams."

"A noble Saxon, free and fair,
Light blue eyes, and flaxen hair;
A tongue of—"

"Oh, go swallow a lumber-yard!" grinned Billy.

Juliet turned sharply around.

"Did you speak, Billy?" she asked.

Billy's face was a study of innocence.

"No," replied he, looking up; "guess it was the wind."

"If yez plaze, missus," interrupted a stout Irish maid-servant, "there is a kerridge at the dure wid two curiosities in it."

"Two what?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Two curiosities, mum. The butcher b'y said so. One av them luks loike one av them dummies wid 'ten dollars for the whole suit' that yez see outside av a clothing store, an' the other is a Portuguese."

"A Portuguese?"

"Yis, mun. The butcher b'y said so. He's got a skin loike an elephant's hide, an' his hair is brushed down in a tail."

"I'll bet it is Hildebrandt and his Chinese servant!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Bridget, tell that butcher boy I'll murder him if he don't shut up his mouth. Run to the door and show them up, instantly."

Bridget obeyed.

Presently she returned, ushering in a gentleman.

"Mister Filderbrandt Chewingum and a Haythen Chineel!" she yelled.

The gentleman turned haughtily upon her. "My—aw—name is Hildebrandt Fitzgum, my girl," said he.

"Faix, I begs your pardon," and she bowed herself out.

"Hildebrandt, I am proud to see my nephew," cried Mr. Brown, rushing forward.

"How's your ma?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Wonder does she know he's out?" reflected Billy.

"Ain't he elegant?" murmured Juliet.

"Guess the rats must have pulled him out of the wall," said Billy, a little too loud, for his sister overheard him and rewarded him by a sharp box on the ear.

"Where do you learn such horrid slang, Billy?" she said.

"Sunday-school."

"Well, if that's what you learn you had better stay home. Mr. Fitzgum is divine."

The "divine" gentleman was about medium size, was attired in a traveling suit, had a rose in his button-hole, patent-leather shoes, with light tops, piccadilly cuffs, an eye-glass, and wore his watch-chain on the outside of his coat.

"My daughter, Juliet Montague Rooney Brown," said Mrs. B.

Hildebrandt put his eye-glass up and coolly surveyed her, as if he expected she would blow away the next minute.

"Nice girl—happy, yaas, of course, you know. Happy to see you. Deuced queer name! Quite Irish; suppose, though, it is the tum-tum thing to call a girl Wooney in Americah."

"She was named after her aunt," explained Mrs. Brown, while Juliet blushed furiously.

"Yaas, esteemable old lady; pwobably, yaas, of course. Who is this—aw—young fellah weposing on the stool. Looks like a—a chewub. Bwight idea of mine."

"This is my son William," proudly replied Mrs. Brown. "He is very quiet."

"Yaas; looks so. How are you, William?"

"Hallco, cully," cheerfully answered Billy.

"My name ain't cully; it is—aw—Hildebrandt," rejoined the other, in surprise.

"Well, Hildy, how's your nibs?"

Mr. Fitzgum looked aghast at Billy.

"Nevah had any nibs. Cannot conjecture what you mean," faltered he. "Is—aw—your son wight in the head, Mrs. Brown? Knew a fellah once that said wemarkable things just like him. Fellah positively turned into a blooming idiot one day. Wanted to eat me. Had to secure him with wopes. Fact; see this wing? He gave it to me," and the speaker exhibited a handsome ring of a curious pattern, which he sported on the little finger of his right hand.

Mrs. Brown apologized for Billy, assuring him that it was some low phrase that he had probably caught in the street.

"Bless you, he don't know what they mean," she ended.

"By Jove, I don't," cordially admitted Hildebrandt; "sawt of a—a Gweek puzzle to me."

Then he turned to the door.

"Come in, Sin-Chow," he ordered.

In obedience, a neatly-dressed Chinaman, loaded with traps and duds of all sorts, entered.

"This is Sin-Chow, me valet," said Hildebrandt.

Sin-Chow bowed, and then stood as straight as a stick again.

"Got me gween umbwella?" asked Hildebrandt.

"Yes, sir."

"Me sketch-book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Me poll pawwot?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' me smoking-cap, an' scent-bottle?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' me bottle of—aw—bandoline for me hair?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' me white and black wabbit? You ought to see it, Mrs. Brown. Eats out of me hand, weally. It took me a weaw to twain it—weally miwaculous. Fellah said it took big bwain to twain a wabbit. Compliment to me, you see. Yaas, 'twas rather smart, I confess."

Sin-Chow faltered.

"Rabbit welly much not here," he stammered.

"Where is it, you—you careless wascal?"

"Had it wen me comee in door. Gonee now. Skippee ewhere."

"Perhaps Bridget found it," interposed Juliet.

Mrs. Brown rang the Bell, and Bridget soon appeared. "Have you seen anything of a rabbit around the house, dget?" she asked.

"No, mum; but I found a strange cat in the hall."

"Are you sure it was a cat?"

"Yes, mum. The butcher's b'y said so."

"Was it white and black?" inquired Hildebrandt, eagerly.

"Yes, sur."

"Bettee he was de rabbit," said Sin-Chow. "Muchee samee cat; habbee four legs—taillee."

"What did you do with it?" continued Hildebrandt.

"Threw it into the ash-barrel, sur."

"Gweat Gawd! supposing it was me tame wabbit. Who told you to do so?"

"The butcher's b'y said so, sur," answered Bridget, defensively.

"If that confounded butcher's boy loafs around here any more when he is sent on an errand, I'll break his back," enragedly shouted Mrs. Brown. "I'll go down and see about the affair myself."

"Wescue my wabbit if you possibly can," entreated Hildebrandt. "If he ain't found, Sin-Chow, I'll—I'll—yaas, of course I will—I'll ham-string you. Bwilliant wevenge. Clevah, ain't it, Miss—Miss—Wooney?"

"My name is Juliet," said Miss Brown, almost ready to cry.

"Juliet—ya-as. Where's Womeo?"

"Who, sir?"

"Womeo."

"I'm sure I don't know who you mean."

"Why, Womeo, of course. Some fellah wote a play called 'Womeo and Juliet.' Little joke of mine. Do that sawt of a thing once in a while."

Everybody laughed as in duty bound.

Hildebrandt felt flattered.

He stroked his Dundreary whiskers, and walked over to Billy.

Billy had been out of the room for a while, but he had returned.

He was sitting on his stool reading away.

"What are you weading?" asked Hildebrandt.

"Patsy Bolivar's Census of the Angels," soberly replied Billy.

"Wemarkable weading, by Jove, for a boy. I like to wead myself."

"What is your favorite work?" eagerly asked Juliet.

"Jack the Giant-Killer—easy for a fellah to get through his brain, you know. I let Sin-Chow wead to me when I go to sleep."

"Horrors!" mentally ejaculated Juliet.

Hildebrandt stooped down and examined the scarf-pin Billy had in his scarf.

It was a curious pin.

It represented the head of a dog with its mouth wide open.

"Wemarkable pin," said Hildebrandt.

"Very nobby," said Billy.

"What is it—aw—meant to wepwesent?"

"A shark with the cramps."

"Wemarkable! Let me examine it?"

Hildebrandt put his eye-glass to his eye.

He stooped to investigate the phenomenal pin.

As he put his face close to it, Billy pressed his side slightly with his arm.

There was a swish, some liquid issued from the dog's mouth, and Hildebrandt started back with a face that resembled a Piute Indian's in full dress.

It was colored with ink.

"Great Gawd!" he yelled, "this is an outwage!"

The Browns rushed forward in a compact body.

"Great Heavens!" cried Mr. Brown, "how did it happen?"

"The blawsted pin," Hildebrandt said, as he vainly tried to wipe the ink off with his hands; "why, I'm a wegular blackamoor!"

"Billy," said Mrs. Brown, sternly, "what does this mean?"

"It went off," said Billy, with a look of surprise.

"What went off?"

"The pin."

"Was it loaded?" innocently inquired Juliet.

"Velly muchee," grinned Sin-Chow; "alee ink. Mr. Fitzgum looker debil, allee black."

"I'll chastise you weal hard, you tawny wascal," cried Hildebrandt. "For Heaven's sake will somebody wub me with a Turkish towel!"

"Takee door-mat!" counseled Sin-Chow, who enjoyed the scene immensely.

By way of reply, Hildebrandt made a feeble dash at him, which he agilely eluded.

"Baw Jove!" gasped Hildebrandt, as he sank into a satin chair, "the ink is on my wobin-wedbweast; maybe you wemarked the shirt. Inspiuation of my own—white shirt with wobin-wedbweast all over it. I'm wuined!"

"You'll spile the chair!" Mrs. Brown said, her anxiety for her furniture getting the best of her politeness.

"Hang the chair!" feebly uttered Hildebrandt; "if I spoil it I'll send Sin-Chow out to buy a—a woomfull."

"Better come up-stairs and get washed," said Mrs. Brown.

"Bwight idea," answered Hildebrandt, his face brightening up; "guess I will."

Mrs. Brown conducted him up-stairs. While they were gone the ladies put Billy on trial.

He protested that a boy out in the street gave him the pin in exchange for a white mouse, and that he had not the faintest idea that there was any ink in it.

They believed him; he was such a quiet, good little boy. What would they have said could they have looked beneath Billy's coat, and saw an ingenious arrangement of rubber-tube and ball connecting with the pin, by which a simple pressure of the arm on the ball would force the ink in it up through the tube and out of the pin.

But Billy was such a good, quiet little boy.

Pretty soon Hildebrandt came down-stairs again.

He was completely restored to good humor, and dangled down upon the sofa, accepting Billy's humble apology with the greatest urbanity.

He showed his ring very much.

"Nice ring," observed Mrs. Brown.

"Yaas, 'tis wather tall."

"Buy it in New York?"

"Cawn't you see it is a pwesent?"

"Lady, I suppose?" said Mrs. Brown, with a wink.

"Wather," smiled Hildebrandt: "weal womantic story connected with that wing."

"Do tell it," pleaded Miss Juliet; "I so love anything that is romantic."

"Knew a girl in London who was just like you," placidly remarked Hildebrandt; "fearfully womantic; mawwied a fellah with long black whiskers; sawt of a—a—buccaneer sawt of fellah. Her parents, they—aw—kicked."

"How did it terminate?" asked Juliet, in breathless suspense.

Hildebrandt unconcernedly lit a cigarette.

"She found out he wasn't a piwate—nothing but a low circus performah; swallows knives, yer know. Now she takes care of the baby elephant."

"Horrid!" groaned Juliet.

"But that don't tell us anything about the ring," said Mrs. Brown.

"Well," began Hildebrandt, lying back on the sofa and blowing the scented smoke from his cigarette into the air, "the wing adventure happened in Jerusalem; wasn't it Jerusalem, or South London?—forget which. Was it Jerusalem, Sin-Chow?"

"Yep!" rejoined Sin-Chow.

"Aw, thanks. I was walking down an alley, deeply engaged in weflection; my white-and-black wabbit was sick, an' I was awfully anxious about it, when I beheld a beautiful lady struggling desperately with sixty-five Awabs. Sixty-five, wasn't there, Sin-Chow?"

"Yep."

"Aw, thanks. Of course, you know, I couldn't stand

still and see such an outrage perpetwated. I took my coat off—it was green velvet trimmed with brass buttons, an' some low fellah stole it, an' dwawing my pistols I wushed into their midst with an expwession of gweat fewocity on my face. Gweat fewocity, wasn't it, Sin-Chow?"

"Yep!"

"Aw, thanks. As I said, I pulled out my pistols and wushed forward; I shot fifty of the Awabs, an' I fairly pawalyzed the wemainder, didn't I, Sin-Chow?"

"Yep!"

"Aw, thanks. The lady was positively delighted, or wather twansported—twansported sounds bettah, you know—with joy. Called me her pweserver—life-pweserver, pwaps—joke, see—wather bwight joke, too."

The Browns said that it was. There wasn't one of them had the faintest idea what the joke was or where it came in, but they laughed at it all the same.

"Yaas," continued Hildebrandt, "the young lady was nearly cwazy with joy. Actually kissed me, you know. Just as I was twying to think of something pwetty to say to her, up came a black slave, and clapped her into a stweet-car."

"Four-hosses carriage," interrupted Sin-Chow.

"Yaas, of course," said Hildebrandt, "four-horse cawwage, an' before I could wemark 'Jack Wobinson,' dwove her off. As the cawwage wolled off she put her hand out of the window and dwopped this wing. I asked the policeman on the beat about the lady, but he said he knew nothing about it."

"Do they have policemen in Jerusalem?" asked Billy, apparently all ignorance.

"Do they, Sin-Chow?" asked Hildebrandt, with the air of a man who felt that his word was doubted.

"Hunnerd," replied Sin-Chow, in his oily way; "me farden captng. Allec samee Mellican pleeceman gettee drunk an' clabee headee off small boy. Hi!"

"That will do, you wascal," calmly said Hildebrandt. "Did you find my wabbit, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown answered yes. He had found the rabbit in the ash-barrel, and carried it up-stairs to Fitzgum's rooms.

"Wun up an' give the pool cweature a hot bath," tenderly said Hildebrandt to Sin-Chow.

Sin-Chow vanished in obedience, and Hildebrandt turned to Juliet.

"Do you like singing Miss—Miss Wooney?"

"Please don't call me Wooney."

"Ah, yaas, of course. Beg pardon, you know, Miss Womeo."

"My name is Juliet, cousin."

"Knew it was something 'bout Womeo. Juliet was the gal that got mashed. Oh, yaas. Gweat blundah of mine. Would you like to hear me sing, Miss—Miss Juliet?"

Of course Juliet was delighted.

As for Billy, he stuffed his handkerchief in his ears.

"When they come around for the corpses of the rest of the gang, I want to be kicking," he said; "that ere cake will knock us stiff."

Hildebrandt opened the piano.

"This is a personal song, witten for me by a newspapah chap I knew once. Tune was wote by somebody else; he got hanged somewhere or another."

In a squeaky voice he began:

HILDEBRANDT FITZGUM.

AIR. — "Hildebrandt Montrose."

Words by "Ed." Dedicated to "TOM TRASER."

His name is Hildebrandt Fitzgum,
The fairies call him "Gummy,"
His watch-chain dangles from his coat,
In a style that's awful rummy;
He's a haythen chap to black his boots,
His bills he never pays,
He drives about in a bobtail car,
And this is what he says:

CHORUS.

Tra le, tra la, you awful flirt,
 I'll meet you in the park, when the frost has left the dirt;
 I'll "cwush" you with my culchah!
 You bet that I am some,
 The king of all the English swells is Hildebrandt Fitzgum!

He wears a collar celluloid,
 He cleans it with a rag;
 The boys all call him "Nancy Lee,"
 His favorite game is tag.
 His ulster reaches to his heels,
 His boots are number three,
 From his double watch-chain dangles down,
 A locket, marked N. G.

Tra le, etc.

"Yaas," smiled Hildebrandt, twiddling his thumbs.
 Then a happy thought struck him.

"Guess I shall wetire—go to bed, you know."

"Billy will show you your room," said old Mrs. Brown.

"Certainly, Cousin Hildebrandt," said Billy.

"Nice little boy," reflected Hildebrandt; "Sunday-school goat—no—let me see—aw, kid. Blawst this h'American slang, anyhow."

Billy led the way to the stairs.

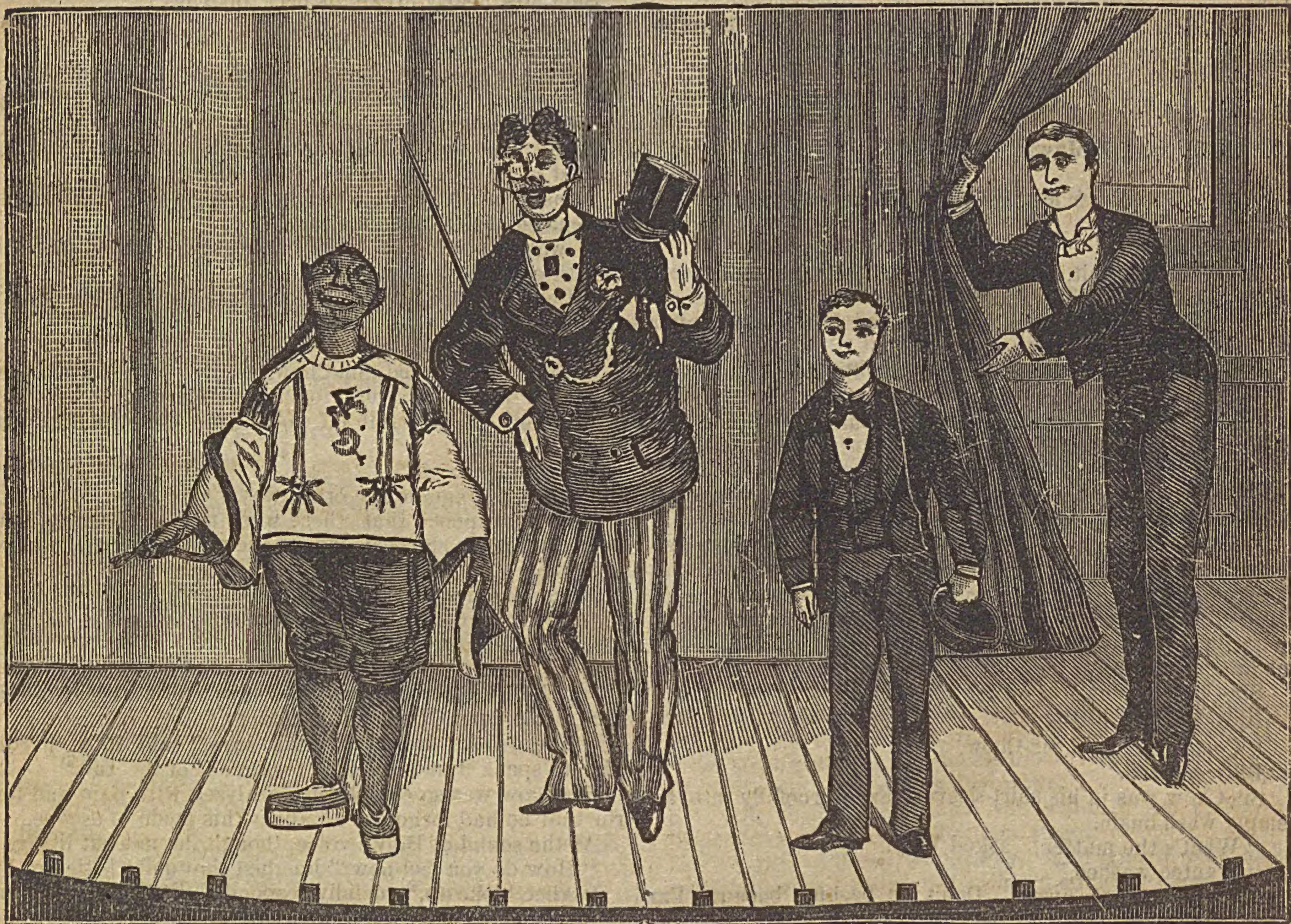
Hildebrandt bade everybody good-night.

Just as they reached the parlor-door, Bridget appeared.

"Beggin' your pard'n, sur," she said, addressing Hildebrandt, "but there is a Peruvian lion down-stairs for ye."

"Howwors!" ejaculated he, "a Peruvian lion?"

"Yes, sur. The butcher b'y said so."



Mr. Tom Teaser introduces Sin-Chow, Hildebrandt Fitzgum and Billy Brown to the readers.

His neck-tie is a fever red,
 His umbrella's very small,
 A dollar Derby decks his head,
 His whole appearance's tall.
 In a diamond mine in Flatbush, Spain,
 He's worth a whole trade dollar,
 The naughty girls throw kisses sweet
 And at him thus they holler:

Tra le, etc.

His song was encored, and he sang it over again.

"Clevah, ain't it?" complacently he said, as he twirled around on the piano-stool.

"Very much so," said Mr. Brown.

"Yaas; sung it the other night at a party. Fella said it was deuced clevah. Wemarked I might go an' warble it to a deaf and dumb asylum. Shall I sing it again?"

Miss Juliet, obedient to winks from her mother, and a sly kick from Billy, came to the rescue, bodily.

"We can't really trespass on your good nature, cousin," smiled she.

PART II.

THE announcement made by Bidy was a puzzle to most all present.

"A Peruvian lion! God bless me, what is that?" cried Mr. Brown.

"Shure, the butcher's b'y said so," was all that Bidy could explain.

"I'll go down-stairs for two things," said Mr. Brown. "First, to see about the Peruvian lion, and second, to kill that infernal butcher's boy."

"Most wemarkable," was all Hildebrandt could utter.

Presently Mr. Brown re-appeared. Under his arm he carried a yelping Spitz dog, shaved clean to the neck. His bare body and fuzzy head and ears did certainly give him the appearance of a lion; a little lion for a cent.

Hildebrandt gave a yell of joy when he saw the dog.

"That's Mawia," he cried; "that's my dawg."

"A messenger just brought him," explained Mr. Brown;

"and that confounded butcher's boy was giving Biddy——"

"Taffy," said Billy.

"Yes."

"Wemarkable spectacle, baw Jove! A butcher's boy giving an Irish female taffy," observed Hildebrandt; "is it the American custom to present ladies with taffy? Should think, you know, that cream-cakes or caramels would be better."

"That ere's some of Billy's slang," explained Mrs. Brown.

"Giving a person taffy is giving them——"

"A song and dance," finished Billy.

Hildebrandt looked more puzzled than ever.

"Sawt of amateur theatricals, I suppose," he faltered; "song and dance; fellah sings and then dances. Weckon that——"

Here Miss Juliet interposed, and explained the beauties of United States language to the dazed swell.

He but dimly understood it.

"Guess I will wetire," he said. "Sin-Chow!"

"Yep."

"Have you got Mawia?"

"Yep."

"Better soak her feet in—aw—hot water before you put her to bed."

"Allee light."

Then Hildebrandt, with an elaborate bow, bade all good-night, and preceded by Biddy, was ushered to his room.

"What do you think of him?" asked Mr. Brown, after his guest had departed.

"He's a pie," emphatically asserted Billy.

"A what?" asked Juliet.

"A pie. He's so soft that if you should sit on him he'd squash!"

"He's real nice," said Juliet.

"Got the rocks," practically criticised Mr. Brown, complacently dangling his heavy gold chain.

"Billy," suddenly said Mrs. Brown, "maybe you had better go up-stairs and see about that Chinaman—see that he gets to bed all right. For my part, I do not see what Hildebrandt wants with such an unchristian servant."

"Guess he got him with a pound of tea," laughed Billy, as he ran up-stairs.

Sin-Chow's room was on the top floor.

Billy knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Sin-Chow.

Billy entered.

Sin-Chow was in his shirt-sleeves gazing ruefully into an empty wash-basin.

"What's the matter?" asked Billy.

"Wantee washee."

"Well, washee away. Don't be bashful because I'm here, rocky."

"Can't washee."

"Why not?"

"No water."

"Spit on the towel and take a dry."

"'Melican boy talkee damee fool. Chinaman no gottee nuffee spit for bath."

"Borrow some."

"Oh, cussee. Boy talkee mad. Sin-Chow wantee water."

Billy took pity on him.

"Come along, pigtail, into the bath-room, and you can wash there," he said.

"Allee light," grinned Sin-Chow, in delight, as he trotted behind Billy.

The two entered the bath-room. It was an ordinary apartment of the kind, with a large bath-tub and a shower overhead.

Sin-Chow was curious about the shower.

"Whatee dat?" asked he, pointing upward at it.

"Perfumery box," soberly answered Billy.

"Perfumery box—how dat?"

"Oh, folks often want a little perfumery into them, so

they just stand in the bath-tub, look straight up at the box, turn that handle you see there, and the perfumery descends upon them in a gentle spray."

"Gentle spray, gleet goodie!" cried Sin-Chow; "can Sin-Chow see how de old ting workee?"

"Blaze away—this is chucked in with your board."

"Wheree board?" asked Sin-Chow.

"Oh, that's metaphorical."

"Gleet word; mettee who?"

"Allegorical; board means your grub and bed."

Sin-Chow plainly did not understand, but he made no further remarks. He stepped into the bath-tub.

"Stand right under the box," commanded Billy.

He did so.

"Now look right up at it."

Sin-Chow nearly broke his neck obeying.

"Touchee handle now?" asked he.

"Turn it right around."

"Muche goodee," chuckled Sin-Chow, as he turned the fatal handle, "perfumely nice. Sin-Chow smellee like drug-store, velly sweet. He——"

What was the rest of the sentence that Sin-Chow intended to utter is lost to the world forever.

Splash! crash! dash! descended the water in a perfect torrent on the Chinaman's face.

It was so sudden, so totally unexpected, that it took his breath completely away.

"Damee cussee," yelled he, as he staggered back; "allee water, no perfumely. Sin-Chow like drowned lat!"

"Turn it off!" shrieked Billy.

"Stoppee!" howled Sin-Chow, as if in expectation that his order would be enough to stop the torrent.

"If you don't turn it off you'll have to swim for your life," said Billy.

"How turnee off?"

"Yank the handle the other way."

Now it happened that there were two water-cocks connected with the shower; one for the cold water and one for the hot.

It was the first of these that Sin-Chow had turned on.

In his eagerness to remedy his action, instead of shutting off the cold water he turned on the hot.

Down it came, steaming and red hot from the boiler.

"Debbil," shouted poor Sin-Chow, as it rained on his face, "me dead Chinaman, cremated."

"You will be cremated dead sure," said Billy, hardly able to speak from laughing; "skip out of the tub."

Sin-Chow was so completely paralyzed with pain and terror that he had forgotten all about this mode of escape.

At the sound of Billy's voice, though, he got out lively.

"How do you feel now?" laughed that quiet little boy.

"Allee bloke up," ruefully responded Sin-Chow; "cussie all perfumely boxes, allee same fire-boxes."

In the meantime the steam from the hot water had got out into the hall and down the stairs.

"Aroused by the racket in the bath-room, Hildebrandt had hurriedly donned a pair of pants, and rushed out into the hall.

He saw the stream.

That was enough.

"Fire—fire!" yelled he, as he scrambled back into his room, intent on saving whatever he could.

He grabbed a white vest and a coal-scuttle, stuck a spittoon under his arm, and started to flee.

As he got to the foot of the stairs a dark object, exuding what Hildebrandt took to be smoke, rolled head over heels down the stairs in front of him.

It was unhappy Sin-Chow, who had slipped at the top, and, aided by a push from Billy, walked all the way down on his head.

Hildebrandt did not recognize him at all.

"It's the woof," he yelled; "the woof has fell in, and I'm weally buwied alive, you know. Fire—fire—fire!"

His outcries woke up Mr. Brown, who was dozing away in the back parlor.

Now Mr. Brown had a Babcock Fire Extinguisher, which was the idol of his heart.

He had purchased it at an auction, and he had been clubbing himself for a long time because no opportunity of using it had occurred. Indeed, he had half a mind, more than once, to surreptitiously burn up the back yard, so as to ring in his extinguisher.

The cry of "Fire!" in his ears was not a knell of ruin and disaster.

On the contrary, it was a sort of balm of Gilead.

He was up, and had that fire-extinguisher on his back in a second.

He charged up-stairs.

Sin-Chow had grappled with Hildebrandt, and the two were struggling in the hallway.

"Wobbers, too!" gasped Hildebrandt, as he struck fiercely at Sin-Chow, missed him, and nearly broke his own hand on the balusters.

"Where's the fire?" Mr. Brown roared, appearing on the scene.

"Wight here!" said Hildebrandt, breaking the spittoon over Sin-Chow's head; "somebody wescue me before I'm massacweed!"

Mr. Brown needed no second reply.

He had the hose which was attached to the extinguisher in his hand in a minute.

He pointed the nozzle square at Hildebrandt and Sin-Chow, and flooded them with acid.

"'Nother perflumely box bloke loose!" gasped Sin-Chow.

"Don't shoot again—baw Jove, I surwender!" pleaded Hildebrandt; "burn the shanty up if you desire, but spare me, you know."

"Fire out?" enthusiastically demanded Mr. Brown, shutting off his apparatus.

"Where firee?" asked Sin-Chow.

"Is that you, Sin-Chow?" blurted Brown, in surprise.

"Partee of me."

"Who's that with you?"

"It's me," said Hildebrandt, getting on his feet. "Sin-Chow, you—you smoked nigger, what the deuce, you know, are you doing here?"

"What in thunder is everybody doing here?" asked Mr. Brown.

Mutual explanations followed.

Sin-Chow's was very mixed.

"Perflumely boxes," "firewater," "cussee bad lily boy," were all jumbled together.

Mr. Brown got into a sort of double reversible puzzle himself.

He sent Sin-Chow to bed and bade good-night to Hildebrandt, and an inspiration struck him.

"Can Billy know anything about this?" he reflected.

He determined to ascertain.

Softly he crept into Billy's room. That quiet little boy was apparently sleeping soundly in his little cot.

The student's lamp was half turned down, and beneath it, on the table, was a book open: "Willie, the Missionary's Son: or, the Trials of a Young Convert."

Mr. Brown closed it softly.

"Poor little fellow!" he murmured, "he's been reading his Sunday-school library, and I suspected him of mischief."

With gentle steps he left the room. What would he have said if he could have seen Billy, the moment his father vanished, rise slowly up in bed, wink elaborately, take a cigar from under his pillow, light it, cock his feet up, and yanking out a yellow-covered book: "One-Eyed Ghagan; or, the Skeleton Specter," from under the sheets, calmly begin reading?

The adventure of the previous evening had been such a shock to Hildebrandt's sensitive nerves, that he did not rise till about two o'clock.

By the time he had finished the dainty lunch that Miss Juliet bade Biddy prepare, Billy had arrived home from school.

"Weally, I don't know what to do," languidly said Hildebrandt. "Is it waining out, Billy?"

"Nixey rain."

"Good walking?"

"Bully. Not more than ten feet of mud. Fine walking—on stilts."

"That isn't so, Billy," interposed Juliet. "It is just perfectly lovely out."

"Aw, thanks, Miss Bwown—beg pardon, Juliet. I think—yaas, of course—that I will take a pwomenade. Billy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you tell that wascally Sin-Chow to get weady to accompany me out?"

"Yes, sir," and Billy departed on his errand.

In half an hour Hildebrandt was all ready for his promenade.

He was gotten up regardless.

He had on a light overcoat, wide English pants, three-buttoned cutaway coat, double watch-chain, from which a huge locket dangled down, white-topped gaiters, green kid gloves, shiny high hat, and a collar of gorgeous magnitude.

"How does my cwavat look?" he asked.

"Very tall," said Billy.

"Awfully nice," simpered Juliet.

"Yaas," remarked Hildebrandt, with conscious pride, "'tis wather the tum-tum caper, you know. Ideah of my own—thought of it one day when I was taking a bath. Little wed devils in a field of owange. Noth fellah got one just like it—he's dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Juliet.

"Wather. He came to Amewica; didn't understand your beastly customs, you know. Woamed out to Colowado and wemarked to a chap called Bowie-Knife Bill, or some other awistocwatic name. that he was a liah. Fellah came back to England in a coffin. Fact, I assure you. See this wing? He gave it to me."

"Allee leady," said Sin-Chow, coming in.

"Let me go 'long?" pleaded Billy. "You two might get lost, and the finest police in the world would never find you."

"Come along," replied Hildebrandt. "I say, Billy."

"Well, sir?"

"What is the tum-tum promenade of New York—the high-tone stwoll, you know. What's the swell stweet?"

"Baxter avenue, or the Boulevard de Bowery."

"Weally—but what's Bwoadway?"

"Oh, that's an alley. If you want to see red-hot tone just waltz with me up Chatham street."

"I guess I'll twy Bwoadway," said Hildebrandt, looking suspiciously at Billy: "I've heard so much about it."

"Wait, cousin," interposed Juliet; "I want to show you something lovely in Lord Byron."

"Gweek, with a club-foot, wasn't he?" asked Hildebrandt, as he bent over his fair cousin's shoulder to look at the poetical passage in question.

Billy and Sin-Chow retreated into the hall.

Billy had a smooth stick in his hand.

"Are you in for a racket, Sin-Chow?" inquired he.

"Racket—whatee dat?"

"Lark."

"Jokee?"

"You've snatched it. If you are, lend me that chalk I saw you pick up in the hall this morning."

"Whatee for?"

"Shut your mouth and open your eyes and you'll see."

Sin-Chow meekly handed over a bit of chalk.

On the smooth side of the stick Billy printed, in large, legible letters:

"Kick me."

Sin-Chow looked at it as if he didn't understand what it all meant.

"Who wantee kickee stick?" he asked.

"Watch and wait," curtly answered Billy.

At last Hildebrandt had waded through the passage in Lord Byron. He was ready to go.

He passed out of the door first. As he did so Billy hit him a tremendous whack on the back with the stick.

The chalk came off on his overcoat, and plainly visible on it appeared the polite invitation:

"Kick me."

Hildebrandt turned about in a hurry.

"What the blawsted deuce do you mean by—aw—bweaking a fellah's back in that outwageous manner?"

"Just killing a fly, sir."

"Next time let the fly live. Baw Jove, you hit hard enough to kill a—a gewaffe."

"He don't tumble," whispered Billy, in great glee, to Sin-Chow.

"Whatee for he tumble? He alle yite on he legs."

"You'll learn New York chin by and by, old almond-eyes. Come along."

Hildebrandt headed the procession along the street.

He swelled as loud as if he owned all of Africa, and was going to turn it into a beer-garden for his own individual amusement.

Several girls passed him. They saw the legend on his back, and laughed.

Hildebrandt thought that they were on the pick up, and were captivated by his manly beauty and *tout ensemble*.

"Cawn't help it, you know," he muttered. "Gad! I sometimes wish I wasn't so handsome. All the fairies get gone on me, bweak their hearts, swallow laudanum, all that sawt of thing; cawn't help it, weally."

"Have a cigar with me?" Billy politely requested.

"Don't mind if I do."

They went into a cigar shop. Billy took a strong fifteen-center, while Hildebrandt took a pack of scented cigarettes.

As for Sin-Chow, he selected the biggest and worst cigar in the whole place; a regular "drop-me-dead" weed.

Hildebrandt started out.

A public-school around the corner was just letting out. The scholars—boys of the lower classes—were trooping out in scores.

They spotted Hildebrandt right away.

"Look at it!" called one.

"It's a tailor's dummy led astray!"

"See the strike-me-with-a-string Charley!"

"Ain't he a birdie?"

"Hit it with a rock and see it fly away!"

"I wonder if we got a cage would we catch it?"

"Guess it came down with the last rain."

Hildebrandt took no notice of these ribald remarks.

He strutted onward as consequentially as ever.

Presently one of the gang discovered the sign on Hildebrandt's back.

It was an important discovery.

A regular gold mine of fun!

"Kick me!" read one. "Will I? Jess yer bet! Hi, Billy, pike me raise the duffer!"

The boy ran up behind Hildebrandt and gave him a terrible kick.

"Kick him again!" cried Billy, who was standing in front of a cigar-store with Sin-Chow, enjoying all the fun.

"Gleat kickee, bully boy!" cheered on Sin-Chow.

Hildebrandt sprang up and dropped his cane.

Before he could regain it another boy, a tough little terrier with a Scotch cap and the stump of a cigar in his mouth, gave him a second sockdolager of a kick.

"Gweat Gawd!" shouted Hildebrandt, "I am being mas-sacweed! Police—help! I am surrounded by a cwozd of young wobbers!"

"Oh, shut up!" yelled another of the gang, kicking him again.

The kicks were showered upon Hildebrandt thick and fast.

He spun about like a whirligig, trying to catch some of

his tormentors or hit them with his cane, but they were too active for him.

Just in the midst of the lark a young fellow with a tough walk and a Bowery swagger came by.

Hildebrandt appealed to him.

"Mistah!" he cried.

The young fellow stopped short and looked at him.

"Who're you talkin' to. Who're yer callin' Mister?" he said. "My name is Mud and I live in a gutter. What's der matter wid you?"

"These infernal young wuffians are actually maltweating me—kicking me weal hard, you know."

"What are dey kicking you for?"

"Look at his back!" sang the small boys in chorus.

The young fellow did look.

Then he got behind Hildebrandt and fairly raised him in the air by a prize kick.

"Oh—oh!" yelled the dandy, "I'll have you awwested—you—you piwate!"

"Dat's all right," putting his hat over his eyes. "My name is Mud, an' I live in the gutter. If you want make anything out of it jess say so. Hurry up; I've got ter kill a man down-town."

"Cheese it, a cop!" Billy warned.

The boys scattered like sheep. Even Mr. Mud put his hat on straight and vanished around the corner with remarkable celerity.

"What's the row here?" asked a policeman, lounging around the corner.

Hildebrandt explained it as best he could.

"I want the whole lot of them awwested and hung, you know," said he; "this h'is h'intensely h'Amewican. A gentleman cawn't walk out in your blawsted city without being murdered."

The policeman took a look at Hildebrandt's back and perceived the joke at once.

"If you don't want folks to kill you, why don't you rub off your back?"

"Wub off my back, fellow?"

"Yes, you've got a sign on it."

"A sign?"

"Yes."

"What does it say?"

"Kick me!"

PART III.

You can bet that Hildebrandt was mad when he found out the joke practiced upon him.

"Wondah, you know, what fellah did it?" he indignantly asked. "Cwuel joke; tewibly mortifying. S'pose I had met a faiwy, what do you suppose she'd think? Take me, baw Jove! for a cwazy man."

"Hellie ob joke!" chuckled Sin-Chow. "Allee samee fun as circus is lat jokee."

"You bwown barbawian!" raved Hildebrandt, rapping the Chinaman's shoulder with his cane, "I believe that you had something to do with the blawsted outwage."

"Nottee much," protested Sin-Chow, his face suddenly straightening.

"You ain't lying?"

"Swearee it afore Joss."

"By Gad! if I thought you did, I'd—I'd—of course I would. I'd bweak you on a wheel like they did to—to—some histowical chap in h'England—Sinbad the Sailor, his name was, as near as I can wecollect. Wanted to shoot some—aw—empewor, I believe."

By the time Hildebrandt had finished his voracious historical incident, Billy had brushed the obnoxious words off his back.

"Shall we continue our skip?" asked Billy.

"Yaas;" and Hildebrandt lit one of his cigarettes and moved on.

Now we don't want our readers to think that Hildebrandt was an out-and-out muff. He could take care of himself if he wanted to; but generally he was too lazy to want to.

Billy soon saw this.

Passing the entrance of a narrow alley, they saw a black-headed, ugly-faced Italian cuffing the ears of a poor, wan, pale-faced little girl of perhaps six years of age.

She was crying piteously, and vainly attempting to ward off the blows dealt her with her slender hands.

"Taka dat!" snarled the Italian, administering a severe cuff; "badda girila; no gooda."

"Weally, what's this, you know?" inquired Hildebrandt, stopping.

"Badda girila, steala money froma me," said the Italian.

"Taint so, mister," sobbed the girl.

"Hushal!" commanded the Italian, with a threat.

"Be still, you—you organ-gwinder," ordered Hildebrandt; "let the—aw—maiden talk."

"You no shutta up I smasha snoots," threatened the Italian.

"Bettah take a bath instead. You are positively dirty, waggicker. Fellah of scientific pwoclivities might dig for ruins on your hands, baw Jove."

The Italian snarled and doubled his fist.

He thought that he had a soft thing on the fop before him.

He expected to break him all loose with one blow.

"Takea dat!" hissed he, striking furiously at Hildebrandt.

But to his total astonishment, the blow was skillfully parried, and a solid fist, even if it was covered with a lemon-colored kid, knocked him flat on his back.



"Stop it—stop it!" shrieked Hildebrandt. He did not have time to say more. The waiter landed slam-bang into the lower closet.

"He sends me out begging," said the child, "and takes all the money I get. 'Cause I took a penny and bought a bun he's whipping me."

"Alla de money mina," said the Italian, his brows lowering.

"You're a nice piwate, ain't you? You'd make a—a splendid picture, you know, with a stwiped suit on bweak-ing stones," criticised Hildebrandt.

"You minda your owna business."

"Haven't got any, you know."

"Minda dat."

"My fwend, you are too—too fwesh. Yaas, that's it. Fwesh is good. Why don't you go to work, you twoubadour?"

The Italian gave him a dark look by way of answer.

"Why no sella chestnutta? keepa banana standa?" mimicked Hildebrandt, who wasn't bad at that sort of thing.

"Datee it; hittee him glain!" cried Sin-Chow, jumping around in great delight.

The Italian sullenly arose.

With a sudden motion, he drew a gleaming stiletto.

"Look out for the sticker!" warned Billy.

"Wepetition of the dose demanded," remarked Hildebrandt, as he knocked the knife out of the would-be murderer's hand with his left, while with his right he sent in a stinger on the Italian's nose that caused the blood to spurt furiously, and dropped him like a log.

"That was did bang-up!" enthusiastically said Billy.

"Yaas," complacently said Hildebrandt, but his tone changed to a wail of despair as he glanced downward at his clothes.

"Bwing a cawwiage, Sin-Chow," he ordered.

"Takee bad man to plison?" inquired Sin-Chow, looking at the prostrate Italian.

"No; I want to wide home."

"What's the matter?" Billy asked.

"Look at my wisbands," dolefully explained Hildebrandt; "blood—wed blood—all over them. How can I pwomenade, you know, with blood on my wisbands? If you cawn't get a cawwiage, Sin-Chow, get a cab."

"And if you can't get a cab, get a horse-car," added Billy.

"Hand-cartee do?" Sin-Chow asked.

Hildebrandt's only reply was to throw his cane at the questioner, and the celestial vanished fast enough.

Presently he returned with a dilapidated-looking cab.

The driver of the tumble-down arrangement looked curiously at the Italian, who still lay senseless.

"Does he go, too?" he said.

"No; he's got a fit of despair," readily replied Billy.

"Tight?"

"Paralyzed."

The driver accepted the excuse, and helped the three into the cab.

Just as he was about to drive off, a policeman, who had just lounged up, called out:

"Hold on, there!"

The driver obediently reined in his nag.

"What's the matter with that man?" he called, referring to Hildebrandt's foe.

"He badda Charley—he killa me," suddenly cried the Italian, starting up.

"Oh, you take a dropa and soaka heada," answered Billy. "Go ahead with the hearse, driver."

"No yez don't; that chap's hurt, an' yez had something to do wid it," said the policeman.

"Nicee mussee," groaned Sin-Chow; "allee go to jailee. Cussie luck!"

"Darned if I don't think we will be run in," said Billy.

"It's all wight, officer," lisped Hildebrandt; "that Italian wefugee with the bloody nose got too wecent, you know, and I just knocked him down. Just wash his face, will you?—it's howwibly dirty, and send him home on a twuck."

"Yez can't put on any av yez high-toned lugs wid me," the policeman surily answered. "It is me duty to take all av yez to the station-house."

Hildebrandt bit his kids in perplexity.

"Me killee policeman with ash-ballel," proposed Sin-Chow.

"No," said his master, "I know a bwighter idea than that. Officer!"

The policeman approached the cab door.

Hildebrandt slyly slipped a ten-dollar note into his hand.

"For your twouble, you know."

The just official's face beamed with smiles.

"Arrah, yez are jintlemen," said he; "go ahead, driver."

"No letta dem go!" screamed the Italian; "they slugga me!"

"What's the matter wid yez?" demanded the policeman.

"They try to killa me."

"Be gob, it's a pity they didn't."

"You arresta them."

"Oh, shut up!"

"I makea chargea."

"Get out, ye bleached nayger!"

"He givea you money to letta him go!" screamed the Italian, howling with rage.

"What!" howled the policeman, "they give me money, did they? You lie, you terrier! Blaggard the perlice, will yez?"

Whack—whack! and his club sounded on the Italian's shoulders. Uttering a cry of rage and pain, the stricken villain darted quickly out of sight.

"Faix, I wondher what the matther was, anyhow?" so-iloquized the policeman; "which wan was it, I wondher, that licked the gutther-snipe, the strike-me-wid-a-sthring Charley, or the haythen? But it's none av my business,

anyhow. I made ten dollars out av it. Be gob, I'd be glad to have an Italian laid out every day for that sum!"

Meanwhile our heroes were being driven rapidly home.

"We got out of that nice," chuckled Billy.

"Wather," said Hildebrandt; "weminds me of an adventure I had in Afwica."

"Was you ever in Africa?"

"Yaas; should say so. Lived there five years. Howwid place!"

"Well, jerk the yarn."

"Do what?"

"Give us the story."

"Of course. You know in Afwica they have idols, worship everything, you know. They made me the best idol for awhile, worshiped my boots, by Gad. Might 'a' been idol now if it hadn't been that a wude, fewocious tiger awwived an' commenced bweaking up the twibe by eating the most of it."

"Couldn't they kill him?"

"He obstinately wefused to be killed. Vewwy uncourteous of him, but he persisted in staying alive. What do these blawsted Afwicans do but make a fust-class idol out of him. Weal tum-tum idol, you know. Commenced giving him saewifices of captives. An wight enough, of course, for the tiger, but deuced unpleasant for the captives."

"I should smile so."

"Wather. Well, one day the twibe captured a beautiful girl. Nearly white, too; daughter of the chief Cad of some opposition twibe. Her name was Negoloketa—wather long name for a visiting-card; but she was a nice girl for all that. Had eyes like a gazelle, and all that sort of thing. She got dead gone on me."

"Mashed?"

"Awfully. Called me 'birdie' and 'baby mine' in her jargon. But one day the wemarkably impolite tiger got on a wegular jamboree, an' ate up a whole Afwica orphan asylum. The bwight intellect of the twibe suggested that a sacrifice ought to be offered. They selected this Miss Negoloketa for for the victim. They tied her out to a twee an' waited for the tiger to appear and finish her. I wushed forward and untied her. The whole twibe wan at me. I encircled the girl's waist with one arm—deuced fine waist she had, too—and dwew my wevolvers with the other. 'Back!' I called to the enraged mob. What was the rest I said. Sin-Chow?"

"Fust son ob le gun dat comee alongee, gettee headee shotee off!" readily responded Sin-Chow.

"Aw, thanks. Yaas, that was it. Would you believe it, my bwavery cowed the wuffians and saved the girl. Fact; see this wing? she gave it to me to remember her by."

"And the tiger?" asked Billy.

"Oh, he ate up the village hospital, an' it disagweed with him. Found him dead one fine day. The twibe got a new idol before I left."

"What or who was it?"

"A dwunken Iwish sailor, with a wooden leg. Wather nice, though. I saved his life, too—tell you about it some time. Fact: see this wing? he gave it to me," concluded Hildebrandt, forgetting all about his previous yarn.

"He takes the crackers and cheese for lying!" said Billy; then aloud:

"Say, wonder what became of the little girl that the Italian was beating?"

"She skippee," said Sin-Chow.

"Run away?"

"Yep; jess soonee Missee Helleblant hittee 'Talian she climbee outee. Runee belly fast."

Billy's remark started a conversation about the fight, which lasted till they got home.

Hildebrandt was left alone to change his clothes, and Billy went off with Sin-Chow.

"Your master's a bad nut in a fight," observed Billy.

"Velly. He gleat hard-hitter. Stlikes flom shoulder."

"But was he ever in Africa?"

Sin-Chow winked slyly.

"Africa allee taffy—tiger taffy, too. Misse Helleblant tellee velly tall stoly—no goodee," said he.

"But where did he really get the ring?"

"Jewerer store. Takee your choice for dollar. Don't givee it away. Sin-Chow get velly muchee killed."

"Oh, I wouldn't give you away for a gold mine. But what are you fixing yourself up for?"

"Party."

"Where?"

"Ilich girl askee Sin-Chow to comee down kitchen after supper. Havee party."

"Sure enough," said Billy, "it's Bridget's birthday today, and I remember now she talked of having a blow-out to celebrate it. Well, rig yourself up regardless, old tea-sign. So long."

"Byee-bye," sweetly responded Sin-Chow.

Sure enough, Bridget did give her party.

After supper she had any quantity of beaux and belles visiting her in the kitchen.

The sounds of the merriment from below penetrated upstairs, where Hildebrandt was dozing away in his room, smoking a long Turkish pipe, and reading "Cinderella."

"I believe that is all a lie, you know," he said, casting away the book as Billy entered the room.

"What is?" Billy queried.

"Cindwella."

"Why?"

"She couldn't have danced in glass slippers without bweaking them. Pwepostewous. Weckon all books are lies. Don't like to wead anyhow. Where's—aw—your folks?"

"Gone to a Scripture circus."

"Sewipture circus—what's that? I've heard of a holy how, you know, but a sewipture circus?"

"Portuguese for prayer-meeting," laughed Billy.

Just then the sound of merriment arose from the kitchen.

"What's going on down-stairs?" Hildebrandt asked.

"Bridget's having a party."

"Sort of fwce and easy, I suppose?"

"Somewhat."

The racket in the kitchen grew louder.

A familiar voice could be heard.

It was singing.

Something of this sort:

"Peking-Wel was a Chinese gel—

Allee singee samee song.

Playee harpee velly well—

Allee singee samee song.

Eatee rat and bitee pie—

Allee singee samee song.

Made lilee bit ki-yi—

Allee singee samee song."

"Stwike me with a stwing, baw jovel" exclaimed Hildebrandt, as he listened to the above beautiful melody, "if it ain't that wuffian of a Sin-Chow, turning the house into a music-hall!"

Sin-Chow had apparently finished his song and merged into a break-down, for a furious clatter of wooden shoes could be heard.

"Bweak-down, too," said Hildebrandt; "pwesently he'll be doing a twapeze act. I'd like to see the wascal."

"We can."

"But I don't want him to see me."

"That's easy fixed."

"How?"

Now there was a dumb-waiter that ran from the back parlor down into the kitchen, for occasionally the Brown family ate in the back parlor instead of the basement.

Billy conducted Hildebrandt down into the back parlor.

"You can go right down on the elevator," said he, opening the closet where reposed the dumb-waiter.

Hildebrandt looked at it.

"How deuce do you suppose a fellah to get into that?" asked he.

Billy lowered it.

"Ride on the top," said he.

"Where does it twavel to?"

"A closet off of the kitchen. You can push the closet door open and see the whole show."

"Are Amewican elevators all as small as this?"

"Not all. Get right on top."

"Ain't you coming?"

"It will only carry one at a time. I'll come on the next trip."

Hildebrandt gingerly clambered onto the top of the so-called elevator.

"It's all wight, ain't it?" asked he.

"You bet."

"Won't bweak?"

"Can't—it's glued."

"You'll be down wight away?"

"Immediately."

Billy gently lowered it. Soon all that was visible of Hildebrandt was his head.

With a quick movement Billy drew his pocket-knife.

He dexterously cut the rope of the dumb-waiter.

Down it went—like greased lightning.

"Stop it—stop it!" shrieked Hildebrandt; "it's bwoke—for Gawd's sake, you know, stop!"

He did not have time to say any more.

The waiter landed slam-bang into the lower closet.

Hildebrandt was pitched out head-first.

He struck against the door.

It was unlatched, and he flew out into the kitchen.

The jollity there was at its height.

The guests were indulging in a popular Irish song at the top of their voices.

The unexpected arrival of Hildebrandt changed things as if by magic.

The men jumped from their seats, and the women screamed in terror.

"It's a robber, bedad!" cried Bridget, getting up onto a table.

Now, among the guests was the "butcher's b'y," Patsey Ghagan.

Patsey was a young gentleman who traveled on his muscle.

"It's a robber, is it, Biddy?" yelled he.

"Yis."

"Killee him!" shouted Sin-Chow, who had jumped up onto the wash-tub. "sluggee le son ub le gun!"

Patsey did not wait to be asked twice.

As Hildebrandt arose from the floor onto his knees, Patsey struck him a tremendous blow under the ear.

Over went our hero on his back.

"Take that, you thafel!" shouted Patsey.

"Hittee him some moree!" cried Sin-Chow; "strikee him for le beeree."

Hildebrandt recognized his servant's voice.

He clambered up, astonished as he was, and put for Sin-Chow.

He caught the paralyzed Celestial by the neck, and swung him on the floor.

"You wascal, what the deuce do you mean? Baw Jove, I'll bweak ewevy bone in your body!" screamed he.

"Oh, damee, Masse Hilleblant!" wailed Sin-Chow.

"Who're yer hittin'?" demanded Patsey, making a flying leap across the floor, and preparing to totally wipe out Hildebrandt.

"You," replied Hildebrandt, raising him up by a blow under the chin, and letting him down again on the top of the stove.

"Howly murther, I'm kilt!" he cried, rolling over and over.

"Whorra—whorra!" Biddy screamed, "he's kilt me, Patsey. Sind for the perlice!"

"I'll shoot the sucker!" declared a red-headed Irishman, tugging at his pistol-pocket.

"Twy it, you vagabond!" Hildebrandt roared, his temper now thoroughly up, as he clutched the fellow by the throat and flung him into a wash-tub.

"Datee allee yite," said Sin-Chow; "give dem hellie, Missee Hilleblant. Killec whole gang."

By this time the kitchen was in an uproar. All of the women and most of the men were under the chairs and table.

Hildebrandt was boss of the whole place, and he was raging around, looking for somebody to kill.

"This is h'intensely h'American," he stormed; "fling a fellah out of a beastly elevator, and then have a lot of wuf-fians call him a wobber and twy to kill him. Vewy ludicwous, you know. Won't somebody please to hit me, just for wecweation. I'm enjoying the party gweatly."

Unfortunately for Mr. Brown, he had come home from prayer-meeting early.

The noise of the free fight down-stairs attracted his attention as soon as he entered the house.

He rushed down-stairs.

The first figure he saw was Hildebrandt, cavorting around on one leg, and offering to lick the world for the trifling sum of one farthing.

Mr. Brown sped up to him right away.

He seized his nephew by the shoulder.

"My dear——" he began.

He finished right there.

"Hit a fellah from behind, will you, you Awabian piwate," Hildebrandt remarked, as he turned quickly around and socked his uncle in the mouth.

Down went Mr. Brown like a shot.

At this moment Sin-Chow turned out the gas.

"Habbee plize-fightee in dark," he grinned.

So it proved.

Brown was a plucky old boy.

He got up as well as he could, and grappled with Hildebrandt.

Around and around the room they went, fighting like good fellows.

"Police!" shouted Brown, as he got a hot one on the nose.

"Send for a bwigade of soldiers to assist them if you wish," answered Hildebrandt. "I can pawalyze the crowd, baw Jovel!"

Billy, who had entered the kitchen in the meantime, concluded that the fun had gone far enough.

He struck a match and lit the gas.

Old Brown and Hildebrandt for the first time had a good look at one another.

"Uncle Brown, baw Jovel!" stammered Hildebrandt.

"Fitzgum!" gasped Brown.

"Who is the sucker?" asked Patsey, the butcher boy, getting up.

Old Brown, as maybe you know, wasn't terribly fond of Patsey.

As soon as he heard the voice and saw the form he went for him.

"It's you, is it, you infernal butcher boy!" he cried.

Patsey took to his heels like a deer.

Around the room he went, old Brown pursuing.

"Run, Patsey, darlint, he'll massacre yez!" Biddy shrieked.

Patsey cast one look behind.

Brown was at his heels.

Uttering a howl of terror he jumped through the glass door out into the hall.

Old Brown helped him.

He caught Patsey's stern with his boot-toe and gave him a lively boost.

"Whurra—whurra! ye have murdered him!" Bridget wailed.

PART IV.

MUTUAL explanations of course followed the row in the kitchen.

Hildebrandt told how he had arrived so suddenly.

"Blawsted elevator bwoke, you know," said he.

"What elevator?" asked his uncle.

"The one that wuns down from the parlor."

"That ain't an elevator."

"What is it?"

"Dumb-waiter."

"Don't you nevah wide up and down on it?"

"Never; it only carries dishes and things."

"Then Billy's been making a wegular fool out of me."

"How?"

"He got me to wide down on it. Said ewewybody wode on it—jest like a—a stweet-car."

Mr. Brown started to look after Billy, but that quiet young gentleman had disappeared.

Like a wise boy he slipped up-stairs and piled into bed, and went off to school the next morning without waiting for breakfast.

The next evening he and Hildebrandt went to call on a young lady.

She lived up in Harlem, and, as it was warm weather yet, after the preliminary introduction had been disposed of, Billy proposed that they go out and sit upon the stoop.

The stoop was a wooden one.

It had been newly painted, and the paint was not yet dry.

Billy knew it, but Hildebrandt didn't.

Or else he would never have planked himself down upon the step in all the glory of his light lavender pants.

For a while all went on swimmingly. The young lady—her name was Miss Grace—was good-looking, and Hildebrandt put on all of his fancy mashing touches.

Pretty soon it got to be nine o'clock.

"Time we skip," whispered Billy to Hildebrandt.

Hildebrandt started to arise.

He could not.

He was apparently chained by some invisible power to the stoop.

"Going?" asked Miss Grace, sweetly.

"Not yet," gasped Hildebrandt, wriggling about like an eel.

"What's the matter—spasms?" asked Billy, aside.

"Baw Jove," whispered back Hildebrandt, "you can stwike me with a feather if I ain't stuck."

"Stuck?"

"Yaas."

"How?"

"Fast to the blawsted stoop, somehow."

"By golly," said Billy, as if he had just discovered the fact, "the paint on the stoop ain't dry yet. You're fast to it."

"Gweat Gawd! how'll I get loose?"

"You'll have to crawl out of your pants and go home in skin ones."

"But I cawn't—there's a lady here, you know."

"Then you'll have to stay where you are."

"Oh, hang it!"

"You'll make a bully ornament."

"You're too deuced fwesh, Billy."

"And we'll come around and feed you three times a day. Be tough on you, though, when it rains."

Hildebrandt grew red with mortification.

He tried to pull himself loose again.

It was no go.

A suspicious crackle indicated that his pants were likely to give way if he tried the experiment again.

"You seem uneasy," remarked Miss Grace.

"Yaas," replied Hildebrandt, flurriedly, "it's—it's mosquitoes; yaas, of course, mosquitoes."

"I don't feel any," said Miss Grace; "do you, Billy?"

"Nixey muskeet," answered Billy, basely going back on Hildebrandt.

"Fact," persisted Hildebrandt; "about a million are aound me. I say, Miss Gwace."

"Well, Mr. Fitzgum?"

"Would your father object to lending me your front stoop?"

"Lend you our front stoop!" echoed Miss Grace. "What do you possibly want of it?"

"I'm making a—a collection," lied poor Hildebrandt.

"A collection of front stoops?" gasped Miss Grace.

"Yaas; all the style. Want to take yours aound home and make a model of it in wax."

Miss Grace began to think that he was either subject to fits of insanity, or else under the influence of drink.

"Wouldn't you like to borrow our back yard?" she sar-

tending to get him as far as the gate and then shake him.

"Aw—thanks, but I cawn't—I mean to say I don't want to, you know. Shaved my dawg this afternoon, and I feel tired. Want to west a little."

"You've only 'wested' for three hours," said Miss Grace, losing all patience; "if you want to, I'll send a mattress out and you can 'west' all night," and with a toss of her head she disappeared into the house, and shut the door sharply behind her.

Hildebrandt groaned.

"How am I ever going to get home?" he queried.

"Don't know, unless you take the house along with you," answered Billy, with a grin.

"You're awfully cwuel," said Hildebrandt, almost crying.



Hildebrandt came out of his pantaloons in such a hurry that he was dragged down the steps before he hardly knew it.

castically asked. "Maybe you've got a collection of them?"

"Got a woom fall," blurted out Hildebrandt, in agony. "Couldn't you spare me this step, Miss Gwace. I'll bwing it back to-mowow."

"Are you crazy, sir?" replied Miss Grace. "Talk about something else."

They did.

Hildebrandt talked like a confirmed idiot upon every subject that was advanced, and felt that he was rapidly approaching idiocy.

"How will I ever get fwee, Billy?" he found a chance to whisper.

"Buy the house."

"What good will that do?"

"Folks can't kick about you sitting on your own stoop."

Finally Miss Grace heard eleven strike.

"Will he ever go home?" thought she.

Hildebrandt appeared in no hurry.

"Won't you take a walk, Mr. Fitzgum?" asked she, in-

"Billy, if you'll get me loose, I'll give you my wed cwavat with black spots. Please twy."

Billy did.

He hauled, pushed and pulled Hildebrandt about as if that gentleman was a sand-bag.

It was useless, and after he had torn Hildebrandt's coat, knocked off his collar, and ripped his shirt from stem to stern, he begged him to desist.

"You're here for life," said Billy. "When they take a picture of the house, you'll show tip-top. Old Grace won't have to buy any statuary to sling about. Reckon he'll paint you white, and call you the 'Sleeping Beauty,' or 'Venus in a Snooze.'"

"You haven't any feeling."

"I know I ain't. Raffled it off at five cents a chance. There is only one way by which you can get free, Hildy."

"What's that?"

"Bounce out of your leg-protectors."

"But I cawn't get them loose, you know."

"Can't?"

"What will Miss Gwace say to see a pair of pants on her stoop?"

"Oh, it's all the style. Some folks that want to be terribly toney have a whole suit on their stoops, but most of them are contented with a pair of pants.

Hildebrandt did not say whether he appreciated the joke or not.

He set to work getting out of his so-called "leg-protectors."

To his great dismay he found that he could not.

Billy tried, too.

In vain.

The stoop stuck to the pants and the pants stuck to Hildebrandt.

Here was a nice situation for a nobby-going Englishman.

"This is h'intensely h'Amewican, you know. Paint your stoops with glue and stick a fellow to them just like a fly. Highly comical," he groaned.

"I'm afraid I'll have to cut you off with an ax," said Billy.

Just then a policeman put his head over the fence.

"What are you two up to?" he growled.

"Body-snatching," politely replied Billy.

"None of yer sass. What are you doing there? I've been watching you for twenty minutes."

"Make it half an hour," politely said Billy.

In response the policeman opened the gate and came in.

"Get off that stoop," he yelled at Hildebrandt.

"I'd like to, baw Jove!"

"Why don't you?"

"Cawn't, weally."

"Why not?"

"It's too deuced fond of me. Won't let me go. Wemarkable feeble joke of mine—but a joke, anyhow. Do that sawt of a thing once in a while."

"Say, young fellow," asked the peeler, turning to Billy, "explain this here racket. Is the swell crazy?"

"Jams," quietly said Billy.

"Tight?"

"Whooping. Thinks he's an alligator, and wants somebody to fling a baby out of the window till he eats it up!"

"I'll soon club the alligator out of him," said the officer, grasping his club.

"It's a pwactical joke, I ain't dwunk!" said Hildebrandt, in an agony of apprehension. "I'm stuck fast!" and he explained his predicament.

The policeman nearly burst his lungs trying to get him loose, but he could not.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," at last he said.

"What?" asked Hildebrandt.

"Three or four of the boys are off duty around the corner. I'll go around and get them."

He did.

It was not long before he re-appeared with a number of stalwart fellow-officers.

"I'll make you all a handsome present," said Hildebrandt; "talk about Wobinson Cwusoe—I wish I was on a desert island!"

"You get hold of his legs; I'll get hold of you, and we'll all pull together," proposed policeman number one to his mates.

The motion was carried.

In the manner above they started to free him.

The first attempt was a most successful failure.

The first officer had grasped Hildebrandt by the feet, and, totally unexpected, one of Hildebrandt's shoes came off.

The officer fell back in a hurry, and all in a heap the noble squad went down together.

"Let me stay here," pleaded Hildebrandt. "I'm all pulled apart, baw jove! Weckon I'll go home in pieces, like a—a Chinese puzzle."

"We'll yank you off, sir," said the first policeman, picking himself up.

"Yank easy, or I'll sepawate; an' it would be fewwibly

uncomfortable to sepawate. I would pwefer being a fwon' stoop ornament, or even a mummy, weally I would, all my life."

"All right, sir," was the reply.

They "ficked it again."

Victory was theirs.

Hildebrandt came out of his pantaloons in such a hurry that he was dragged down the steps before he hardly knew it.

"Let up," begged he; "weally, I'd wather walk the rest of the way."

"Told you we'd do it, sir," remarked one of the policemen, out of breath with the violence of his efforts.

"You have; weckon I'll hire the neawest hospital for a week," groaned Hildebrandt, as he pulled out his purse and rewarded them liberally. "How will I get home?"

"Ride," said Billy.

"Wather wemarkable appawition I'd make for a sweet-car. Cannot I get a cab?" asked our hero.

"Cabs don't grow in Harlem," retorted Billy. "You might as well sit down and watch for that fence to blow up as wait for a cab."

"Ain't there a livewy-stable near here?"

"One about ten blocks down," said a lingering policeman. "It's shut, though."

"Then how will we get home?" Hildebrandt sighed.

"I'll tell you, sir," said the lingering policeman.

"Baw Jove, you're an angel. Not a twaditional angel with wings, but another sawt of angel."

"Thanks, sir. Now I will tell you, I own a turn-out myself."

"H'intensely h'Amewican. Common policeman owns a turn-out," reflected Hildebrandt, half aloud.

"That's nothing," whispered Billy; "probably he has not been long on the force. If he was an old hand, he'd own a six-story flat and a private park."

"You stay right here by the gate," continued the policeman, "and I'll go and hitch up," and off he started.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned.

Instead of one horse he had two, saddled and bridled, but no wagon.

"I found out that my wagon was broke," he explained, "so I borrowed a horse. You can ride horseback downtown."

"But folks will see that I haven't got any pants just the same," said Hildebrandt.

The policeman smilingly undid a bundle beneath his arm.

"Here's a pair of rubber boots of mine," said he; "they come clear up to the knee, and your coat is long enough to cover the rest."

Hildebrandt put them on with a very bad grace.

In reality, he knew about as much about riding horseback as a giraffe, but he was not going to give it away.

"Are you a good equestrian?" asked the policeman.

"See this wing?" asked Hildebrandt in return.

"Yes, sir."

"The Cham of Tartawy gave it to me for my equestrianism. Wode eleven horses at once—stupendous miwacle of gwace, you know."

"I should think so," stammered the abashed policeman.

In the meantime, Billy had vaulted nimbly on one horse's back, leaving the other for Hildebrandt.

The other was more of a curiosity than it was a horse.

It looked more like a dromedary in a fit of despair than anything else.

It was principally all bones.

The rest was sores.

In fact, it was a horse that looked as if it would drop down dead with surprise if it saw a square meal.

"What is it?" gasped Hildebrandt.

"What's what?" asked the policeman.

"That bweathing bone-wack."

"That's a good horse."

"Good to start a gwave-yard with, pwobably."

"He's fast."

"Yaas, fast asleep, don't doubt it."

"You needn't take him if you don't want to," carelessly said the other, in a tone of pique.

Hildebrandt realized that he wasn't in a position to be very critical about a mount.

"I'd wide anything to get home," he said, "even a dwomedawy. Did wide a dwomedawy once out in Wussia. Wode it fourteen hundwed miles to escape wobbers. Cawwied the mails, sawt of twaveling post-office for the government. Fact, I assure you. See this wing? the Czar gave it to me in wecognition of my bwavewy."

The policeman made no reply.

Such artistic lying stunned him.

After a brief conference about the disposal of the horses and their return the next day, Billy proposed that they start.

"Get up!" he shouted.

His horse went along all right.

Hildebrandt's didn't.

It stood right still.

Probably it wanted to stay there and die.

"Get up, you bwutel!" he yelled.

The horse calmly scratched itself with its hind leg.

"I'll start him," volunteered the policeman, walking deliberately up and kicking the blooded hospital.

The wreck started.

So did Hildebrandt.

Over its head into the gutter, where he sat in an attitude of intense surprise.

"Pity there ain't paint on your saddle," observed the policeman.

"Always get off that way, you know," said Hildebrandt, slowly picking himself up. "Dwopped a cigar, wanted to get it."

"I suppose so," laughed the other, as he helped him on his saddle again.

This time Hildebrandt's bone specimen went.

He was a fast horse.

His gait was about equal to a funeral procession, and he might have beat a mud-turtle on a ten-mile race.

"I say, Billy," said Hildebrandt, after it had taken him about an hour to go a block, "just make a chalk-mark on that fence, will you?"

"What for?"

"Want to see, you know, which way I am going. Believe, baw Jove, I'm positively wetweating."

"Get off and push," advised Billy.

"Lots of fun for you," Hildebrandt growled, "but it ain't for me. 'Fwaid I will stawve to death before I get home."

"Kick the curiosity," said Billy.

Hildebrandt did.

He administered a prize kick on the side of his noble quadruped, and immediately gave a howl of pain.

"Where is the dwug-store?" bawled he.

"Want a grocery-shop, eh?" Billy queried, "or a coal-yard! There's two on the next corner."

"No, I want a dwug-store."

"Whistle for one and see it come."

"Oh, blawst it, you know, I want a dwug-store to buy awnica. I've bwoke my toe."

"How?"

"Kicking this—this iron foundwy. Stwuck a bone. This horse would make a wegular bon ton fortification. Yaas, of course. As a fortification he would be quite the pwincipal capah."

"I'll start him," said Billy, and taking out his pocket-knife he quietly pricked the conundrum's haunch.

Off that horse went like a shot, Hildebrandt clinging anxiously to his mane.

"Whoa—whoa! you devill!" yelled he. "Whoal you wuffian! Will you stop, you piwate!"

"G'long!" shouted Billy, urging on his own horse.

Hildebrandt's nag kept on in its wild career.

It darted along with the velocity of a race-horse.

"He'll win the cake," yelled Billy. "Let him out, Hildy."

"No," answered Hildebrandt: "for mercy's sake, stop him. He'll throw me off and kill me."

"You might as well get a harp now as any time," bel-lowed Billy. "Whoop! get up, Rarus!"

Away pranced the horse.

Over rough pavement, piles of dirt, hydrants, loose cobble-stones, and all other varied obstructions that litter up the prize streets of New York that animal went.

As for Hildebrandt, he hung on with the desperate grip of despair.

Half of the time he was on the horse's back, and half of the time he was off.

He was getting flung about in a style that was intensely comical, except to himself.

"You're an elegant rider. Such grace," sarcastically said Billy, who was keeping close behind.

"You—be—demned—and—the—demned—horse—be—demned—demned," stammered Hildebrandt, for, owing to the jolts which he was subjected to every second, he could hardly speak.

But his ride was at an end.

The brave horse attempted to charge up a brick pile at full headway.

The result was that he stumbled and fell heavily, shooting Hildebrandt off.

When Billy reached the spot the horse was dead, and Hildebrandt was fairly crying with a broken arm.

Billy summoned assistance, and took his cousin home in a cab.

It was several weeks before he recovered.

Then he determined to go straight back to England.

"Blawst h'Amewical!" he growled; "wather, baw Jove, live in Afwica. Ewevybody in h'Amewica is too h'intensely fweash—too wecent. Give me h'England fowevah."

But he did not go back alone.

Miss Juliet Rooney Brown had been making love to him with great skill during his confinement to the house.

She succeeded in the attempt.

When Hildebrandt sailed back to his native roast-beef and plum-pudding she accompanied him as his bride.

As for Sin-Chow, he remained in New York and started a laundry.

One more character remains—"My Quiet Little Cousin."

He is as quiet and as full of fun as ever. Indeed, his parents think strongly of making a minister out of him.

[THE END.]

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